

T H E
P A N N E L.

AS ALTERED BY

J. P. K E M B L E.

F R O M

B I C K E R S T A F F ' S Translation

O F

C A L D E R O N ' s
EL ESCONDIDO Y LA TRAPADA;

A N D

FIRST ACTED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY LANE,

NOVEMBER 28th, 1788.

L O N D O N ;
PRINTED FOR T. AND J. EGERTON,
WHITEHALL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DON GUZMAN	_____	MR. BADDELEY.
DON FERDINAND	_____	MR. BARRYMORE.
DON CARLOS	_____	MR. WHITFIELD.
DON PEDRO	_____	MR. WILLIAMES.
OCTAVIO	_____	MR. PHILLIMORE.
MUSKATO	_____	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
LAZARILLO	_____	MR. R. PALMER.
LAWYER	_____	MR. CHAPLIN.
NOTARY	_____	MR. FAWCETT.
ALGUAZILES	_____	{ MR. JONES. MR. WILSON. MR. ALFRED. MR. COX.
SERVANT	_____	MR. LYONS.

WOMEN.

MARCELLA	_____	MRS. GOODALL.
AURORA	_____	MRS. KEMBLE.
BEATRICE	_____	MRS. JORDAN.
LEONARDA	_____	MRS. LOVE.

SCENE, MADRID.

THE PANNEL.

A C T I.

SCENE

A Room in Aurora's House. Enter AURORA and LEONARDA.

Aur. **U**NDONE! ruined! and undone, past redemption.

Leon. I wish you had not writ that letter to Don Carlos, to desire him to come back to Madrid.

Aur. Who could divine that my brother would return from Naples, without giving me any notice of his intention; and that he should come at so critical a juncture?

Leon. Well, Ma'am, I always thought your writing to Don Carlos would come to no good.

Aur. Let me hear no more of your prate, I beseech you.

Leon. Do you think, Ma'am, Don Carlos will be here to-night?

Aur. I expected him last night, you know, and shall expect every moment, 'till I hear farther from him.

Leon.

Leon. And, blefs us all, what do you intend to do?

Aur. Softly, here is my brother.

(*Enter Don PEDRO.*)

You feem uneasy: has any thing happened to vex you while you were abroad?

D. Ped. *Leonarda*, leave the room.

Leon. (*Aside*) With all my heart; I am very glad to be out of the way. [*Exit.*]

D. Ped. You know, fifter, when our father died, a very confiderable fucceffion devolved to me: however, being then with my regiment at Naples, I did not come to take poffeffion, but left every thing to your care and management.

Aur. I hope, you have had no reason to repent——

D. Ped. Pray hear me out. A particular friend writ me word, that in the month of April laft, you left your lodgings, with Don *Alonzo*, nephew to Don *Guzman*; and that while you were walking together on the Prado, Don *Carlos* came up, charged him fword in hand, and killed him on the spot. In a word, it is this intelligence that has brought me to Madrid.

Enter LEONARDA.

Leon. Don *Ferdinand*, Sir, the relation of Don *Guzman*, is below, and he defires to be admitted to you.

D. Ped. Don *Ferdinand*! fhew him up.

Leon. (*calling at the door*) Shew the gentleman up, *Lopez*.

D. Ped. Sifter, retire into the next room for a few minutes; and I defire that what has juft now paffed between us, may go no farther to any one.

Leon. (*Softly, as they are going out.*) Well, Ma'am, what was it he had to tell you?

Aur.

Aur. Oh, *Leonarda*, he knows all.

Leon. What Ma'am, does he know the history of the wainscot?

Aur. Hush! not that thank Heaven; but every thing else. [Exeunt *Aurora* and *Leonarda*.]

Enter Don FERDINAND.

D. Fer. Don *Pedro*, I rejoice to find you.

D. Ped. Your air speaks a mind in agitation; what's the matter?

D. Fer. Don *Carlos* is at this very moment in Madrid.

D. Ped. How do you know?

D. Fer. I just now saw him muffled up in the street: I immediately gave a servant the word, and he has dogged him, and his man, to a little inn.

D. Ped. You are positive you saw Don *Carlos*?

D. Fer. Positive. Now, as I am shortly to be married to my cousin, it is highly incumbent upon me to render myself acceptable to my uncle; and, I am certain, I can do nothing more likely to please him, than taking vengeance on Don *Carlos*. I therefore expect that you will accompany me to the place where the servant is ready to lead us.

D. Ped. Most willingly. *Lopez*, my sword. Is your man below?

D. Fer. He waits at the door to conduct us.

D. Ped. Sister, (Enter *Aurora* and *Leonarda*) I shall be in again presently.

[Exeunt *D. Ped.* and *D. Fer.*]

Aur. What have we heard, *Leonarda*, what have we heard?

Leon. Very terrible things, to be sure Ma'am.

Aur. Don *Carlos* is arrived at Madrid, and my brother is gone to kill, or deliver him up to justice. I should have called them back, fallen at their feet
—Oh

—Oh cruel, cruel stroke, of his and my adverse fortune.

[*Bell rings.*]

Leon. Hift, Ma'am, hift!

Aur. What ails you!

Leon. Hark!

Aur. How now!

[*Bell rings again.*]

Leon. As I hope to be saved, I heard the little bell ring below; he's come here, and is now at the garden-door.

[*Exit.*]

Aur. Fly quick, good *Leonarda*, fly. If this be so, I am happy; and may still preserve him from the malice of his enemies.

Enter DON CARLOS, LEONARDA, and MUSKATO.

D. Car. Beautiful *Aurora*, I find myself alive, but in the pleasure of seeing you once again.

Aur. Oh, *Carlos*! *Carlos*! my brother arrived here, from Italy, yesterday.

D. Car. Your brother!

Aur. I had no notice of his coming; otherwise I should have apprised you, that you might have deferred your journey, at least for some time.

D. Car. It will be impossible for me to stay in your house then.

Aur. Not so.—I have prepared a retreat for you, where his utmost cunning will never be able to find you.

Musk. Ay, Ma'am, but the constables—

Leon. Nor they, neither—hear my lady out.

Aur. This house consists, like many others in Madrid, but of two stories: the upper, I occupy myself; the lower, which, on my father's death, I found I had no occasion for, I let to one Octavio, a wine-merchant; on this division of the building, a back staircase, which made the communication between the two stories, with a small closet adjoining, became useless; and, by mutual
con-

consent, was stopped up, by a partition on the side of the apartment below, as well as on this. When I had thoughts of bringing you back to Madrid, it occurred to me, that the partition on my side might again be secretly opened, and prepared in such a manner, as would effectually screen you from any search, should it ever be suspected that you were in the house: accordingly, the thing is done, (*pushes back a pannel*, and this moveable pannel will, when you please, admit you into a place of security; and, when fastened on the inside—

D. Car. Aurora, I have too grateful a sense of your kindness, to avail myself of a retreat, which must expose you. In this emergency, the best way is to return to the place from whence I came.

Musk. That's my advice, Sir; let us go to the inn directly, take our mules, and set off.—Ladies, my master, and I, have the honour of wishing you all health and happiness.

Aur. Oh! hold, *Don Carlos*, you must not go.—You have, by some accident or other, been seen, since you came to Madrid, by young *Ferdinand*. His servant dogg'd you to your inn; and he, and my brother, are just gone in search of you. [*Knocking.*

Leon. Oh, heavens, Ma'am!

D. Car. Don't be alarm'd; we have arms to defend ourselves.

Musk. No, no, ladies, don't be alarmed. We have arms to defend ourselves.

Aur. Talk not of defence, I beseech you; but in pity to me, go into the place I have shewn you: and we will consult together for your better and safer accommodation.

Musk. What the lady says, Sir, is just and reasonable—I have considered the matter; and, if

B

you

you don't do it, I'll give myself up to justice immediately, and try to be admitted king's evidence.

D. Car. I'll do any thing for your safety.

Leon. Here, here, get you in. The closet's on the left hand, where you'll find a bed and a pallet; and, for your lives, don't come out upon any account whatsoever.

Aur. No, upon no account—Come, let us go into the next room. *Exit.* [*D. Car. Musk. go behind Pannel.*]

Musk. (*Peeping out*) Hip, Signora *Leonarda*, I have not eat a mouthful to-day——won't you leave us a bottle and a crust?

Leon. In, in, in,

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don PEDRO and Don FERDINAND, sheathing their swords.

D. Ped. So, at length we are got into, at least, a temporary shelter. Who is the person I have wounded?

D. Fer. I think some one said, the secretary of the Duke of Medina.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Signor *Octavio*, the wine-merchant below, desires to speak to you.

Enter OCTAVIO.

Oct. I understand, Don *Pedro*, you have had scuffle in the street; you are known; and the person you have wounded, is the Duke of Medina himself; who was going, incog, to the lodgings of a courtezán in the quarter where you assaulted him.

D. Ped. Fatal accident!—the Duke himself!

D. Fer. Why do you stand like one confounded? Do you not hear what Signor *Octavio* says? You
and

and your family must be gone from hence; I will stay behind, and see your lodgings let with all possible diligence, to prevent suspicion of your being in town. [Exit.

Oct. If you will commit the key of your apartments to my charge, I will do my utmost to quash whatever enquiries may be made after you.

D. Ped. (*Gives a key*) Get a coach to the garden door. *Leonarda!* sister! I must dispose of them in safety, the first thing I do. [Exit *Octavio*.

Enter AURORA and LEONARDA.

Aur. What are your commands?

D. Ped. To tell you that *Don Ferdinand* came hither just now, to desire I would accompany him on an affair of honour; that we have missed the person we went in search of, and by mistake assaulted the Duke of Medina.

Aur. Well, Sir, and what—

D. Ped. I must withdraw immediately to a place of safety: a coach is at the door, and I will see you and your maid safely lodged in the Ursuline nunnery.

Aur. Sir!

D. Ped. I have told you that my safety requires I should absent myself, and I will not leave you behind.

Leon. I'm sure I'll not go into a nunnery.

D. Ped. Then I'm sure you shall go into the street.

Aur. (*aside*) What will become of *Don Carlos*?

(*A noise behind.*)

Enter OCTAVIO, who signifies the coach is ready.

D. Ped. Hark! the officers—look to the door,
Octavio.

[Exit *Octavio*.
Come,

Come, give me both your hands—Nay, no struggling!

Aur. Well but, Sir, brother, let me speak to you. Was there ever so unfortunate a creature!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter OCTAVIO, and three Alguaziles; two of whom search about.

Off. Come in, gentlemen, come in, and welcome; but why force the door?

1st. Off. I want a gentleman, called *Don Pedro*; my people understand these are his lodgings: he has wounded a gentleman in the street.

Off. *Don Pedro!*

1st. Off. Ay, ay: you know him well enough.

Off. I knew a sister of his, who had these lodgings; but, she has been gone from them some time.

1st. Off. (*to his people*) Well, have you found any one?

2d. Off. No, they have been too cunning for us.

Off. Upon my credit, that *Don Pedro* you look for, is not here; he has been in Italy these three quarters of a year. Please to accept a couple of doubloons. You must certainly have been imposed upon.

[*Gives money.*]

1st. Off. To be sure, as you say the gentleman is not here, we'll take your word. I see he is not here. Come along, comrades.

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

Off. Let me lock this door before I go out.

Enter DON GUZMAN.

D. Guz. *Ostasio*, your servant, alas!

Off. I find then, Sir, your nephew has told me all.

D. Guz. I am come to talk to you about these lodgings. I suppose you would let this tenement a
bar-

bargain, to any one, that would take it off your hands?

Off. To be sure, Sir, on an occasion like this—

D. Guz. Well, if twenty dollars a month will be sufficient, I will e'en hire the premises for my own use, and take possession directly.

Off. Surely, Sir, twenty dollars are too little.

D. Guz. Well, but consider, it's doing the young man a favor; for seeing my family in the house, would prevent further enquiries, and satisfy the police, that *Don Pedro*—

Off. I really think, Sir, that, as your chief motive for taking the apartment is to serve *Don Pedro*, the sooner you and your family come into it, the better.

D. Guz. I am of that opinion too; and as very luckily my time is just up where I now lodge, and I want some larger rooms, in consequence of my daughter's marriage, which I shall shortly celebrate, I shall send to you for the key, within this half hour.

Off. You will oblige me, *Don Guzman*, by charging yourself with the key now; for having a small vineyard near town, I have shut up my apartments below, and sent all my servants, men and women, to work there.

D. Guz. And you want to go yourself, is it not so? Well, well, go your ways, and mind your business; I'll take the key from you. [*Exeunt.*

Don CARLOS and MUSKATO come from behind the pannel.

Musk. They are gone out again, and have locked the door upon us.

D. Car. Did you hear all that has passed, *Muskato*?

Musk. Yes, Sir, every word of it; but don't grow desperate; things are not so bad as we expected; this is a respite at least, if not a reprieve.

D. Car.

D. Car. A respite! Has not *Don Guzman* taken this house over my head, and am I not by that means in the hands of my most cruel and avowed enemy?

Musk. Yes, Sir, but he does not know you are in his hands.

D. Car. The worst on't is, that the merchant below is gone out, with his family, and has lock'd up the doors: so that our retreat is stopped. By forcing the lock of the door, we may get out before our enemy returns: I know the danger of shewing myself at this hour, but—

Musk. Oh, Sir, nothing is so dangerous as staying here, if we can get out; so, pray let us force the door; I have broke a lock before now, upon a less justifiable occasion; and I'll do my endeavour to master this—(*goes to the door, and returns in a fright.*) Quick, Sir, quick; back to our hiding place.

D. Car. What's the matter?

Musk. *Don Guzman's* people are in the house; come here, and hide yourself, and ask no questions. (*They get behind the pannel.*)

Enter BEATRICE, and LAZARILLO.

Beat. And so, these are the lodgings we are in such a hurry to leave our old ones for?

Laz. Ay; how do you like them?

Beat. Like them, not at all. In the first place, that door has not common sense in it; then the stairs are the wrong way; and the windows! mercy on us, what pigeon-holes! and a mile and a half from the ground.

Laz. Ay, there's the fault; you want to be gaping and staring into the street.

Beat. *Lazarillo*, run to the old gentleman, and tell him, if he has not already signed the agreement, he

he must by no means take this house.—I hear a
acach ; fure it is not my lady already ?

Laz. But it is though ; you had better tell her
you don't like the house,

Beat. So I shall, I promise you.

Enter MARCELLA.

La', Ma'am, you are in great haste ; I did not expect to see you these three hours.

Mar. I set out to oblige my father ; nothing would satisfy him, but I must come directly, to see the apartments.

Beat. If the kennel was mine, I should think of nothing but pulling it down, and selling the rubbish to the best bidder. Take a ready furnish'd house, indeed !—

Laz. Mrs. Beatrice is difficult to please, Ma'am.

Mar. So she is indeed—my father tells me, *Lazarillo*, that it is to please your master, he takes these lodgings ; and I suppose it is by his desire that we come to them so suddenly. Do you know the reason of Don *Ferdinand's* extraordinary attachment ?

Laz. Why, Ma'am, I am generally pretty well acquainted with my master's secrets.

Mar. I beg your pardon ; I did not know it was any secret, or I should not have asked.

Laz. Oh, Ma'am, there's no secret ; that is to say, no absolute secret : but, as far as this here, Ma'am, the air and situation, I believe—

Beat. In short, Ma'am, Signor *Lazarillo* is a person who seldom chuses to seem ignorant of any thing. Did your master ever tell you why he liked these longings.

Laz. I can't say he ever did.

Beat. Look you there, Ma'am.

Laz. Well, Mrs. *Beatrice*, I did not speak to you.

Mar.

Mar. Never mind her, *Lazarillo*, but go and take care of these things I brought in the coach

[*Exit Lazarillo.*]

Mar. Ah, *Beatrice*!

Beat. Ay, Ma'am, here I am.

Mar. I feel myself very unhappy.

Beat. O fye, Ma'am, to tell me so, on the eve of your marriage, as it were.

Mar. 'Tis the thought of that makes me melancholy.

Beat. Is it indeed? I'm sure then, Ma'am, you and I are of very different dispositions—I wish I was going to be married; the deuce a thing should I think of, but that would make me very glad.

Mar. How, *Beatrice*! suppose you were going to set out upon a journey, which presented you with the most beautiful prospect; but on the first advances you made, you found yourself on the brink of a precipice, what would you do?

Beat. A very great precipice, do you mean; or, only a little sort of a declivity?

Mar. Pshaw! I'm not in a jesting humour.

Beat. Well, but, Ma'am, let me understand you.—You ask me, if I was going to set out on a journey, which presented me with the most beautiful prospect; and, on the first advances I made, I found myself on the brink of a precipice—what I would do?

Mar. Ay.

Beat. Why then, Ma'am, I'll tell you—In case it was not a very ugly precipice indeed, I would muster up all my strength—shut my eyes, so—and give a great jump.

Mar. In short, *Beatrice*, my cousin, *Don Ferdinand*—

Beat. (*Stopping her mistress*) He's here, Ma'am.

Enter

Enter DON FERDINAND.

D. Fer. How happy am I, to arrive at a moment when you pronounce my name!

Mar. I had just begun to talk to Beatrice, when your coming into the room, interrupted me—I will take up the discourse again, if you please; and finish what I was going to say to her.

D. Fer. I am content.

Beat. Stand there then, Sir; and we'll proceed in our discourse, as if you were fifty miles off—Come, Ma'am, begin.

Mar. I say then, *Beatrice*, my cousin, *Don Ferdinand*, no doubt imagines that marriage is a dispensation from the trifling duties, exacted by complaisance, since he already begins to fail in those marks of tenderness and regard, I expected to find from him—he forgets that love is nourished by attention; and that the slightest negligence kills it.

D. Fer. Ah, dear *Marcella*, did you know how uneasy you make me by this kind of discourse—

Mar. And why uneasy?—what I spoke, was said to *Beatrice*—and you need take no notice of it, as you need not be supposed to overhear.

Beat. That's right Ma'am—and to let you know another thing, Sir, you are not to take the words out of my mouth—my lady spoke to me; and it's my part to answer—and here's the way I do it—I suppose, Ma'am *Don Ferdinand* is like the rest of his sex; who for the most part, follow women as they hunt hares and foxes; when the animal's caught, the sport is over.—I once had a sweetheart myself, Ma'am, that used to call me his queen, and his Venus and his Adonis—To be sure I used him very ill, then he used to be so melancholy, so pathetic, so poetical. I remember his once repeating to me these very moving lines——

When

When first I attempted your pity to move,
 Why seem'd you so deaf to my prayers;
 Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
 But why did you kick me down stairs?

Were they not, Ma'am, very moving? oh dear—Come, Ma'am, he, looks penitent; give him your hand to kiss, and tell him you are friends with him.—Look you there, Sir, I knew it—There's nothing does with us, like a little coaxing.

D. Fer. Your father, my dear *Marcella*, is determined to have our wedding a publick one; and Saturday next he assures me, shall be the happy day. Just as I left home, a good many of your things were brought, which I have ordered to be sent here, with some boxes of rich wine, and foreign sweetmeats, for the ball I intended to give a select number of our friends, to-morrow night. In the mean time, I'll step back to the old lodging, to see things properly taken care of.—*Lazarillo*, bring up those parcels.—And you, Mrs. *Beatrice*, will not find yourself forgotten. [Exit.

Beat. O then there's something for me! *Lazarillo*, make haste up with the things—I—suppose it's the new gown he promised to give me; and that your mantua-maker took measure of me for. I long to see it.—*Lazarillo*, I say, will you be all day?

Laz. (*without*) Coming, Mrs. *Beatrice*, coming.

Beat. Why don't you make haste then?

Laz. (*without*) It's impossible to make haste enough for impatient people.—(*He enters, followed by other servants, with boxes, a case of wine, &c.*

Beat. Have not you something that your master gave you for me, pray?

Laz.

Laz. I have something for every body—but that's your bundle, I believe—(*flings down a parcel, which she immediately opens*)—Here, comrades, set the table yonder, that I may put these things on it; quick, quick.

Beat. Dear Madam, look here; upon my life, it's very pretty: and every thing complete; a veil, and a petticoat, and lined all thro' with silk. I have a good mind to try it on now—Do you think it will become me, Ma'am?

Laz. Your head runs upon nothing but your dress—give me the key that I may see the condition of the other rooms. [*Exit.*

Laz. We are going back for more things, Mrs. Beatrice; you'll please to take care of what we leave behind. [*Exeunt Lazarillo and servants.*

Beat. Ay, ay, I'll lock the door. Well, I swear and vow, it's one of the genteelest things I ever saw in my life—I wish, however, there had been a little more puffing upon the sleeves. [*Exit.*

Enter Don CARLOS, and MUSKATO.

Musk. (*Speaking as he pushes back the pannel.*) I will go out.

D. Car. Muskato.

Musk. Zounds, Sir, don't tell me; as good be hang'd, as famished (*Perceiving the table that has been put against the pannel, which prevents his coming forward*)—Hey-day! what have we here?—They have raised a buttress against our wooden wall—(*Putting his hand among the things on the table, throws some of them down.*)

D. Car. What are you doing?

Musk. Making a noise.—How shall I remove these impediments?—(*Attempting to push the table from him, overturns it.*)—Oh Lord! oh Lord!

D. Car. Death and hell! are you bent on our ruin?

Musk. For Heaven's fake, Sir, don't swear.—
(*Coming out.*)—Damn the table, I did but just touch it.—However, no body has heard.—What have we here! Sweetmeats!—excellent, i'faith—and here are cakes.

D. Car. (*Coming forward.*) What have you got yonder.

Musk. I'll tell you by and by—Wine, wine, wine! Sir, my service to you.—Will you pledge me?—take a gulp! it will do you good.

D. Car. They'll certainly come upon us.

Musk. Lord, what an admirable blessing did Nature bestow upon man, when she gave him a good stomach.

D. Car. *Muskato*, let us think of our situation; what shall we do, shall we force our way out of the house, at all events whatever?

Musk. Why, Sir, if your friends and family could be apprised of your situation, and design; but as the matter stands, Sir, I don't think we shall be able to make our escape by violence.

D. Car. We can't pick our way through the walls then?

Musk. No, Sir, I think it much better picking here.—Suppose I take upon me a disguise, make my escape, inform your friends where you are, and have 'em ready——

D. Car. What disguise?

Musk. You see that gown there, and the veil and things along with it; I'll dress myself *a-la-demoiselle*, watch my opportunity when it is dark, and I warrant, get clear without any suspicion.

D. Car. 'Sdeath, here is somebody coming.

Musk. Is there (*gathering the cloaths under his arm*) then follow me to my toilette.—quick, quick.
(*They go behind the pannel.*)

Enter

Enter BEATRICE, MARCELLA.

Beat. (enters a little before her mistress, singing; but seeing the condition the room is in, she turns her song by degrees, into a scream.) Fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,—Oh—h—h—h, Ma'am, Ma'am, come here, and see what has happened.

Mar. (entering) What's the matter?

Beat. The devil's the matter, for I'm sure he has been here; did you ever see the like of this?

Mar. Who has been in the room?

Beat. I dont know, Ma'am.

Mar. This seems to have been done on purpose.

Beat. (looking about, screams) Ah—h!

Mar. How now!

Beat. My new gown, Ma'am, where's my new gown? that I left here when we went out, did not you see me spread it on the chair with the other things?

Mar. I thought so.

Beat. Lazarillo! Lopez! Sancho! *(Unlocks door)* Lazarillo—I will have my gown.

Enter DON GUZMAN, and LAZARILLO.

D. Guz. There's always a rout, and a racket, wherever this girl is—What are you after now, Mrs. Fidget?

Beat. Lazarillo, did not you give me my things in this room, and did you not see me leave them here when you went out agin?

Laz. Ay; well, what then, suppose I did?

Beat. Well, you must answer for them.

D. Guz. And who is to answer for all this pretty work, I would be glad to know? did you think your frippery was stuff'd into the boxes, and wine-cases, that you have broke them to pieces?

Beat. It was not I.

D. Guz. Who then?

Beat.

Beat. Old Nick, I believe.

Mar. Upon my word, Sir, it is something very extraordinary—We left the things here in good order, a little while ago, and this moment that we came into the room again, we found them in the condition you see.

Laz. Some dog got in I suppose, Sir.

Beat. Ay, some dog upon two legs: Dogs in Spain don't drink wine, and eat sweetmeats, nor steal gowns; indeed, Sir, you ought to pay me for my gown.

D. Guz. I pay for it! huffy! do you think I stole your dab of a gown?

Beat. Some of your servants did.

Laz. Do you suspect me, Mrs. Beatrice

D. Guz. Hey dey! do you know where you are?

Mar. Beatrice, have done.—

Beat. I will have my gown.

D. Guz. Come, child, go in. [*Exit Marcella.*
And do you hear, let those things be taken away, and this room set to rights immediately; and if you find this flattern's trumpery in any hole, or corner, lay them by for her. (*Going out.*)

Beat. Lazarillo, you certainly stole my gown.

Laz. I stole your gown! damme, if you say so again—

Beat. Take that, you impudent jackanapes, (*gives him a box of the ear.*)

D. Guz. Ay, Ay, before my face, and behind my back too; no respect to me on either side. (*beating them out with his cane.*) [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E *continues.*

LAZARILLO and BEATRICE *discovered.*

PRAY, Mrs. *Beatrice*, how soon is my master and your lady to be married?

Beat. What did you say?

Laz. I asked you, how soon our young folks were to be married.

Beat. If you want to know, it's a question you ought to ask them.

Laz. I must, faith; for it will be necessary for me to get my things and look a little about me.

Beat. What! and so you don't intend to stay with Don *Ferdinand*?

Laz. O! damn it, no; it would not do for me at all. Service with a single gentleman, well and good; but married families are hell and the devil.

Beat. Do you intend to list for a soldier then; or what? 'Tis dangerous being out of place; I have known several of your fraternity come to an untimely end by it.

Laz. To tell you the truth, I am afraid to stay with Don *Ferdinand*, lest, as valets are apt to ape their masters, I should be tempted to imitate him; and, as he had married your mistress, the devil might put it into my head to marry you.

Beat. (*surveying him with an air of contempt.*) What is the matter with this glass! It always makes me look browner than any other in the house. (*Affecting*

fecting a minuet step.) We shall have a ball here to-morrow evening: I suppose the company will desire to see me dance an allemande, or a fandango, or something.

Laz. Come, you have enjoyed it long enough; now let me look at myself a little.

Beat. *Lazarillo*, give me the glass.

Laz. (*Viewing himself.*) Dam' me, if I don't think people look very well in it.

Beat. Did ever one see such an impertinent—— Give me the glass, I say.

Laz. Come and kiss me for it.

Beat. I'll see you hanged first.

Laz. Then you shan't have it. Tol de rol, lol, lol.

Beat. Come, let us dance then. Lord! here's Don *Guzman*, and your master! [*Exit.*]

Enter Don GUZMAN and Don FERDINAND.

D. Fer. I have been at the Duke of *Medina's*; and I find his wounds are not so bad as I at first apprehended. The report, however, of Don *Pedro* being the person who assaulted him, rather gains ground.

D. Guz. Like enough.

D. Fer. Nay, some officers have, as I understand, been seen, within these two hours, walking backwards and forwards, before this house, and looking at it very inquisitively.

D. Guz. Then, belike, they still suspect that Don *Pedro* is in it.

D. Fer. So it should seem.

D. Guz. And we may have a visit from them in the night, perhaps, when we least desire their company. I'll strive to prevent them. Come hither, you Sir. Go to the Conde de *Lemos*, governor of Madrid; his palace is hard by; give my respects, and

and tell his excellency, I shall be much obliged to him, if he will order me directly a couple of centinels to stand at my door: Tell him I shall want them for two or three days, till I have married my daughter. *[Exit Lazarillo.]*

D. Fer. I have not seen Don *Pedro* since yesterday, Sir; and, as he has given me an intimation where he is concealed, I will now, with your permission, step to him for a few minutes. *[Exit.]*

D. Guz. You'll be back to supper?

D. Fer. I shall make no delay but just to see how he is disposed of—— *[Exit.]*

D. Guz. Saturday—ay, Saturday!—that's the day after to-morrow;—Thursday, Friday, Saturday—Then I have something else to do:—let me consider! To go to my lawyer; to go to the parish priest;—to go——

Enter BEATRICE and LAZARILLO, on opposite sides.

Beat. Lazarillo!

Laz. Here!

D. Guz. How now! have you a mind to break the drums of my ears? What do you want, turbulence?

Beat. Lord, Sir, I'm surprized at you. How can you have the idea of making the best room in your house a bed-chamber.

D. Guz. Because I like it.

Beat. Why, Sir, it will be shocking.

D. Guz. What's that to you?

Beat. Besides, I suppose Don *Ferdinand* will remove to my lady's chamber in a night or two.

D. Guz. Ha, now you have got that in your head; and who bid you suppose about it?

Beat. Nay, Sir, it's no business of mine, to be sure, if you have a mind to turn the house upside down;

D

only

only I love to set people right, and see things done properly.

D. Guz. Well, but my nephew chose that room particularly.

Laz. Why, so I told Mrs. *Beatrice*, Sir. I said, my master had made particular choice of that room.

Beat. Very well then, let his bed be put in it; but remember, Sir, it's done by no order of mine.

D. Guz. I believe there never was your fellow for impertinence, since the world begun. But why should I be surprized at this, when I am told, you give out all over the neighbourhood, that I am going to marry you?

Laz. Ha! ha! ha!

D. Guz. Ay, you may well laugh.

Beat. I never gave out any such thing.

D. Guz. Don't lie, for I can prove it upon you.

Beat. I say then, Sir, I never did; for the thing was first mentioned to me: and, isn't it common enough, when a genteel likely girl lives in the house with a gentleman, for people to talk?

D. Guz. Well, I shan't dispute the matter with you, now. Go, take the coach, and fetch your young lady home, she's at her aunt's. Why don't you go where I bid you?

Beat. I'm settling myself, Sir.

Laz. Ha! ha! ha! marry!

Beat. What's the matter with you? I promise you I don't know whether I would take the old fellow, if he would have me; so he need not make himself uneasy.

[*Exeunt Lazarillo and Beatrice.*]

D. Guz. A paltry, dirty baggage; to give out that I was going to marry her; there never was such a thought entered into my head.

Enter

Enter AURORA, veiled.

Hey-day! who have we here? who is it that comes into the house this way without knocking! Is there nobody in the way to shew people?

Aur. Don't be offended, Signor, at the liberty an unfortunate woman has taken, upon seeing your door open; I implore a moment's refuge.

D. Guz. Explain yourself.

Aur. I have the misfortune to be the wife of the most jealous, and suspicious of mankind, who is at the same time the most cruel. Upon a person's looking after me in the street, just now, he took something into his head, drew his poinard, and was going to strike me—

D. Guz. O for shame! What can I do for you?

Aur. I intreat you to go down into the street, and speak to him not to misuse me; you will easily know him, he is in a red cloak, and wears a gold laced hat, with a black feather.

D. Guz. I'll go down madam. Step into that chamber; no body shall molest you. I warrant I'll give a good account of your jealous pate, and if words won't do, rougher means shall.

Don Guzman puts Aurora into a room, then goes out on the opposite side. Don Carlos pushes back the pannel, and comes out with Muskato, who is disguised in woman's cloaths.

D. Car. *Muskato*, it is now quite dark; and you may, if ever, escape with out being seen; as for myself, I'll wait with patience, determined to brave every thing till your return.

Musk. I don't know what's the matter with me, Sir; I am damnably frightened.

D. Car. As soon as you have brought my friends together in the street, the signal is to be a pistol;

D 2

when

when I hear it, I will instantly rush out, and force my passage to you.

Musk. Ay, Sir; but the grand matter is my getting out.

D. Car. Farewell; at any rate don't let your apprehensions confound you.

[*Exit. Don Carlos through the Pannel.*]

Enter AURORA.

Aur. Don Guzman's gone; and all is dark: this is the moment to find Don Carlos: Assist me love; and, if he be yet here—

Musk. Ah!

Aur. Hah! What figure's that? Was ever any thing so unlucky? I must retire a while. [*Exit.*]

Musk. I have neither courage nor strength to move backwards or forwards.—This is a cursed scheme of mine; it will bring me to the gallows, I'm sure; then they'll hang me in woman's cloaths; which will be a double shame and mortification. Come, courage; it is but making the effort; if I can but get down stairs, I am safe enough; (*going towards the door, sees Don Guzman,*) the old man! there's an end of me—I am hang'd, drawn and quarter'd!

Enter Don GUZMAN.

D. Guz. Come, Madam, you may go out without the least apprehension; I have looked all about the door, and no such person you describe was to be found.

Musk. (*Aside*) What his he talking of?

D. Guz.

D. Guz. Give me your hand, Ma'am, I am going abroad myself, and will lead you to whatsoever place of safety you think proper.

Musk. What's all this!

D. Guz. Poor soul, how she trembles. Will you have any cordial to refresh you?

Musk. No, I thank you, Sir:

D. Guz. Come along, and don't be frightened, Madam.

Musk. Sure, if ever there was an angel with a beard and wrinkles, this is he. [Exeunt.

Enter AURORA.

Aur. Now is my time. Good Heaven! how I tremble! I am almost afraid to approach the place. (*Knocking at the pannel.*) Sir; Don Carlos.

Enter Don CARLOS.

D. Car. Donna *Aurora*! my love!

Aur. I was obliged to leave you here last night. It is too long a story to tell you now. Doubtful of what was become of you, and fearing the danger you might be in, I have prevailed upon the portress of the convent, where my brother had confined me, to let me out. Determined to make my way to you thro' all impediments. Here is a master-key to the house, which I happened to have providentially about me; take it, and let yourself out in the dead of night—for your own sake, for my reputation, I must leave you.—Farewell.

D. Cor. Stay, my life.

Mar. (within) Beatrice!

Aur. Oh, unfortunate! here comes *Marcella*, the daughter of Don *Guzman*: I would not for the world be known by her. Get in; get in; What shall

shall I do? Any thing's better than meeting them.
[Exit. Carlos.]

Enter MARCELLA, and BEATRICE, with lights.

Mar. What was it you asked *Lazarillo*, *Beatrice*?

Beat. Why Ma'am, whether his master was at home.

Mar. And what did he say?

Beat. What you heard, Ma'am, that he was not.

Mar. Well, take my fan, and my veil, and see that my things are got ready in the dressing-room. (*Exit Beatrice.*) A strange unseasonable hour for *Don Ferdinand* to leave the house, methinks; and just at a time when he knew I was coming home too.

Beat. (*Re-entering.*) Ma'am! Ma'am!

Mar. Well, what now?

Beat. Don't make a noise. I have seen such a thing in *Don Ferdinand's* chamber; and, I believe, I have found out the thief too; for I dare swear she stole my gown.

Mar. She! what she?

Beat. A woman, Ma'am.

Mar. In *Don Ferdinand's* chamber?

Beat. Yes; as I was going along the passage, I observed the door pushed to; so I popped my head in; and there I saw a woman in a veil. I did not say a word, but came back directly.

Mar. We'll see who she is; take the candles.

Beat. Yes, Ma'am; she can't escape us, for the garden door's lock'd. (*Exeunt.*)

Mar. (*Within.*) We will know who you are. What brings you here?

Aur. I came here to a gentleman.

Beat. Pull off her veil, Ma'am.

Aur. Nay, then——

Beat.

Beat. Stop there, a thief!

Mar. Follow her, *Beatrice*.

Enter DON CARLOS *from the pannel*, DON FERDINAND
at the door.

D. Car. Sure it was *Aurora's* voice.

D. Fer. Ha! Whom have we here? a man!—

Enter AURORA.

Aur. Save me, they pursue me—I shall be discovered.

D. Car. Fear nothing—

[*D. Car. and Aurora go behind the pannel.*

D. Fer. Lights here! lights!—

Enter MARCELLA, BEATRICE *and* LAZARILLO *with lights.*

Mar. Nobody shall go out.

D. Fer. No, I'll take care of that.—Where is this assassin, this housebreaker?

Mar. Where is this shame to her sex?

Laz. Sir, Madam, what's the matter?

D. Fer. There has been a man here. Oh, *Marcella*!

Mar. There has been a woman here. Oh, *Ferdinand*!

Beat. Lord Ma'am, here's your father and the lawyers.

Enter DON GUZMAN, *with a Lawyer and Notary.*

D. Guz. Come, gentlemen, give me leave to bring you into this chamber: I have ordered things to be got ready for our business—*Ferdinand* come here—What's the matter, child? You are melancholy.

Beat. No, not at all, Sir!—

D. Guz.

D. Guz. Come, let us take our places. You, gentlemen, at that table, with your parchments; and you, children, seat yourselves here on each side of me.

D. Fer. (*Sitting down.*) Ugh!

D. Guz. So so! what ails you? Have you got the melancholics too? Catch'd the dumps of your cousin?

D. Fer. Dumps, Sir? I don't know what you mean; I never was merrier in my life.

D. Guz. Come, gentlemen, have you got every thing ready?

Law. Yes, Don *Guzman*, every thing is ready?

D. Guz. Daughter, why don't you sit down here when I desire it?

Mar. Sir, I chuse——

Beat. Dear Ma'am, pray sit down.

Mar. (*Sitting down.*) Why it will be the same thing.

D. Guz. I never saw two creatures look as you do in my life: What in the name of folly is the matter with you?

Not. These you say, Don *Guzman*, are the parties?

D. Guz. Ay; you'll take notice, I give ten thousand pistoles to my daughter, for the present; and the rest of my fortune at my death.

Not. Ten thousand pistoles; the residue of your fortune at your death; 'tis so set down, Don *Guzman*.

D. Guz. (*Rising.*) Let me see——

D. Fer. Shall we suffer them to go on with this absurd farce, Ma'am?

Mar. Don't talk to me, Sir; I desire to have no manner of conversation with you.

D. Fer. O, very well, Ma'am; I am as willing to avoid any thing of that kind as you can be.

D. Guz.

D. Guz. What, what, what are you saying to one another?

D. Fer. I was not speaking at all, Sir.

D. Guz. Were you not speaking neither?

Mar. No, Sir, I did not say a word.

D. Guz. I'm sure you did though.

Beat. No, Sir, my lady did not speak, indeed.

D. Guz. I'm not speaking to you, take notice.

Laz. Put in your word again.

D. Guz. Have you any objection to this, Don Ferdinand?

D. Fer. Why, Sir, if I must give my opinion, I think we had better defer it.

D. Guz. Defer it! How long?

D. Fer. For ever, Sir.

Mar. And that's my opinion too, Sir.

D. Guz. Is it so indeed! And why is it your opinion, pray?

Mar. Don Ferdinand will tell you, Sir.

D. Guz. Don Ferdinand!

D. Fer. Enquire of your daughter, Sir, she can best inform you.

[*Exeunt Ferdinand, Marcella and Lazarillo.*

D. Guz. Gone! the one way, and he t'other, and I am left in the clouds: pray, Ma'am, can you solve this riddle? What's the matter with 'em? What has happened between your mistress and her cousin, to occasion this sudden—I know not what to call it—Satan has possessed them both I believe.

Beat. Don't ask me any thing about it, Sir.

D. Guz. Not ask you?

Beat. No, Sir, I had rather you would not.

D. Guz. What are you wimp'ring for?

Beat. I don't know, Sir, I can't help it.

D. Guz. I desire you will tell me whatever has come to your knowledge.

Beat.

Beat. Well, Sir, all I know about it, is this, *Don Ferdinand* brought a creature into the house here——

D. Guz. A creature! When?

Beat. Just now, Sir.

D. Guz. Well, don't cry—And what creature was it?

Beat. Sir, I'm ashamed to tell you what it was.

D. Guz. Ashamed!

Beat. Besides, I don't know how you name them.

D. Guz. No! It must be some strange monster sure, or you are grown devilish mealy mouth'd of a sudden. What creature was it? was it a lion, a tyger, a bear, a rhinoceros, a porcupine?

Beat. No, Sir; it was a concubine; I think they are call'd so:—one of your creatures that run after the men.

D. Guz. Oh, ho! In short, *Don Ferdinand* brought a strumpet into my house?

Beat. Yes, Sir, I believe that's one of the names gentlemen give them.

D. Guz. And how do you know he did this?

Beat. Because I saw her, Sir—I catch'd her in his bed chamber, and my lady saw her too.—

D. Guz. Very well, that's all I want with you.

Beat. Sir, I have the honour to wish you a very good night. [Exit.

D. Guz. Gentlemen, follow me; you see there is something wrong in my family; I really don't know what it is at present; but as it must be settled before we conclude matters, I will endeavour to get at the bottom of it. [Exeunt.

Enter Don CARLOS and AURORA from behind the pannel.

Aur. Only get me a little into the air, and I shall be well again presently.

D. Car.

D. Car. How do you find yourself?

Aur. Better already.

D. Car. How unfortunate was it that you came here.—Sit down here a little.

Aur. Heigho!

D. Car. *Aurora!* she faints again—the heat of that place, has overcome her so, that I shall never be able to fetch her to herself.

Aur. 'Tis nothing but the sudden effects of the air. I assure you I am greatly recovered, and shall be able to go in again immediately.

D. Car. If I can see *Beatrice*, I think I may venture to tell her my story, and commit you to her care; 'tis the only thing I have for it; and the worst come to the worst, my mask and my sword shall defend me from every body else. [Exit.

Aur. What woman can say she will make but one false step? Alas, we tread upon ice, and in making one, through want of caution, we make a thousand.

Mar. (Within.) *Beatrice! Beatrice!* where are you?

Beat. (Within) Here Ma'am, I am coming.—

Aur. Heavens and earth, what do I hear! is not that *Marcella's* voice?—I am entangled so on every side, that it is impossible for me to extricate myself: must then the retreat I contrived for another, be my own destruction! [Exit, behind pannel.

Enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE.

Mar. Where's my father?

Beat. I don't know, Ma'am, but I've told him all.

Mar. Told him! what have you told him?

Beat. Why, about the woman, Ma'am.

Mar. I'm sorry for it.

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Beat.

Beat. Are you? I'm sorry too then, but you would not have had me tell him a lie, and he ask'd me.

Mar. In short, *Beatrice*, Don *Ferdinand's* behaviour has shaken my resolution—It betrays no marks of guilt; and, after all, if we should be mistaken——

Beat. Nay, Ma'am, if there is any mistake, you led me into it I'm sure; for I said at first, the woman was only a thief.

Mar. Go and desire my father to come to me here. I believe he is in Don *Ferdinand's* room. (*Marcella sits down in the chair which Aurora has just left*).

Beat. Yes, Ma'am; but pray don't lay all the blame upon me. I never was used thus in any house in my life. [Exit.]

Enter Don CARLOS.

D. Car. I have ventured as far as my apprehensions would give me leave, but without being able to meet *Beatrice*; however, it is so far well, that I have met nobody else—Perhaps her weakness may now have left her (*approaching Marcella.*) Dearest, tenderest creature, how is it with you?

Mar. Ah!

D. Car. Confusion, what's this!

Mar. Don Carlos.

D. Car. That wretch.

Mar. Whence come you, Sir? How got you here? Help,—

D. Car. Hold, Ma'am—where is the lady I left here just now?

Mar. What lady, what are you talking of? I saw no lady.

D. Car. (*Aside.*) Aurora then, has recovered, and gone back to our retreat.

Mar

Mar. On reflection, I find myself in the most critical situation—My honour is at stake as well as your life. Only let me know in one word, why did you come here.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Your father and Don *Ferdinand*, are both gone—(*Seeing Don Carlos.*)—Ah, Madam! here is a man then, after all.

Mar. The man is Don *Carlos*—

Beat. We shall be every one hang'd.

Mar. How he got in, or his reason for coming, I cannot prevail on him to discover. For my part, I believe he is mad.

Beat. His eyes look very ugly, I assure you; stand farther from him, Ma'am, he may have broken from his keepers—What do you want here, Sir? and which of our people let you in?

D. Car. None of your people let me in.

Beat. I suppose then you were the man Don *Ferdinand* saw?

D. Car. I was.

Beat. We must get him out, Ma'am, while your father and Don *Ferdinand* are abroad; it will be better than calling the servants to take him, for reasons—

Mar. But how shall we get him out?—He is subject to be seen by all the servants in the house, every one of whom know him—and at last, perhaps, he may be stopped by the centinels at the door.

Beat. The centinels!—I never thought of them, —Lord! Lord! How shall we contrive!—One can't think of hanging the wretch.——Stay, there's a thought come into my head.—There is in my room, a military hat and cloak of your late brother's

brother's; let him put on them; the centinels will take him for an officer—

Mar. Ay, Ay, *Beatrice*, let us carry him up into your chamber immediately.— (Exit.

Beat. Follow that lady, Sir. (Exit *D. Car.*) There's something that puzzles me in this business notwithstanding: for, I can hardly believe the man would come into this house, merely for the pleasure of being hang'd, let my lady say what she pleases. [Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *A street.*

Enter Don FERDINAND and Don PEDRO.

D. Fer. **T**HE Duke of Medina, then, is entirely out of danger?

D. Ped. His physicians have pronounced him so. I writ the Duke a candid account of our Rencounter. His Grace takes the blame of the whole affair upon himself, and assures me, upon his honour, he will not suffer me in any way to be troubled or molested about it.

D. Fer. It speaks the generosity which always ought to distinguish the nobleman. Hold, *Don Pedro*, stand back a little; do you see that fellow that

that creeps yonder under the wall, looking behind him every moment?

D. *Ped.* Ay, what of him?

D. *Fer.* He comes this way. Let us stand a little under that piazza, and observe him; I have my reasons for it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MUSKATO,

What an infernal thing is a life of apprehension! I am out of the house, that's one comfort; and in some measure the way is paved for my master; for I have been among his friends, and six of them, brave, young fellows like myself, will be ready to favour his escape; when our Dons are taking their digestive naps after dinner. I only wait their arrival, to give Don *Carlos* the signal from this little popper; (*shews a pistol.*) but I must first take a view of the house, in order to determine on which side I had best stand, when I give the alarm, that it may be sure to come to my master's ears. (*Going off, suddenly starts.*) Who do you want? It is not I! Lord have mercy on me, I thought some one had touched my shoulder. I'll shoot the first man that looks at me.

Exit.

Re-Enter DON FERDINAND and DON PEDRO.

D. *Fer.* 'Tis he, I'm positive.

D. *Ped.* I think so too.

D. *Fer.* Hold a little. (*Ringing at Don Guzman's door. Enter Lazarillo.*) Come this way, you Sir; do you see the man that goes along yonder, with his cap flapped over his face? Pass by him, and try if you know who he is. (*Exit Lazarillo.*) The fellow's not at home, whom I sent to dog Don *Carlos* last night, or he could tell directly whether this is the same person that was with him.

D. *Ped.*

D. Ped. Your man has taken a thorough survey of his whole person.

Enter LAZARILLO.

D. Fer. Well, Sir, do you know him?

Laz. Why, Sir, I think I have seen his face before.

D. Fer. Is he the servant of Don Carlos?

Laz. The very man.

D. Fer. Then let us go and seize him directly.

D. Ped. Hold, Don Ferdinand, you and your servant will be sufficient to deal with him, and it is absolutely necessary for me, to pay the compliment of calling at the Duke of Medina's immediately; however, I'll be with you at your house in less than half an hour.

D. Fer. Do so. Lazarillo, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The former Chamber.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Come, Ma'am, he may venture.

Mar. (Within.) Is the coast quite clear, Beatrice?

Beat. Yes, Ma'am; I have sent all the other men out of the way, and Lazarillo has just this moment gone down the street; but let him make haste.

Mar. (Within.) I'll fetch him.

Beat. The dickens take him, he has put me in such a tremble, as I have not been in this twelve-month; and fright ruins one's complexion too: I dare swear I shall look pale for a week.

Enter MARCELLA, and Don CARLOS in the Regimental Cloak and Hat of a Spanish Officer.

D. Car. I beg your pardon.—Will you permit me to say a few words to Mrs. Beatrice in private?

Beat.

Beat. In private to me! Mercy on us, what?

D. Car. Don't be alarmed,——

Beat. No, Sir! I'm not at all alarmed.

D. Car. It is only a little commission I have to charge you with. In the first place, my dear girl, there is my purse, and ten thousand——

Beat. Pistoles, Sir!

D. Car. No—thanks for the kind interest you have taken in my misfortunes.

Beat. I am always ready and willing to assist any one in distress.

D. Car. Well, but this is not all I have to say to you.

Beat. No, Sir!

D. Car. No. There is another——

Beat. Purse, Signior?

D. Car. No—person still in this house, for whom I must intreat your good offices; and should there be occasion and opportunity, I beg you will convey that person out unseen by your mistress.

Beat. Well, but I don't understand you; explain this matter to me a little more.

D. Car. I can't explain it farther, at present.

Beat. Another person still in the house, that I must endeavour——Who is it?

D. Car. What signifies? you'll see.

Mar. Upon my word, *Beatrice*, we shall delay so long——

Beat. We are ready, Ma'am. Come, Sir, you must be cautious not to shew any confusion.—Come along the hall with a strut, and in passing by, look impudent, more impudent still; Oh, I shall never get you to look half impudent enough.

D. Car. Never fear me.

Beat. I wish you would tell me what you meant, by the thing you said to me just now.

F

D. Car.

D. Car. Once more, Ma'am, I take my leave of you.

Beat. Pray, Sir, is the person a man, or a woman?

D. Car. Beatrice, farewell.—

Mar. Have a moment's patience; I am a little uneasy; I think I see a crowd of people coming towards our door, and, if I am not mistaken, Don *Ferdinand* is among them.

Beat. Stay, Ma'am, let me look out; Oh, monstrous!—

Mar. What is the matter!

Beat. I don't know—Don *Ferdinand*, and *Lazarillo*, and two or three more, have laid hold of a man, and are dragging him along; and I wish I may die, Don *Carlos*, if the person they have got, is not very like your servant *Muskato*.

D. Car. Then my destruction is complete.

Beat. They are bringing him into the house.—
Quick, quick, let us get back to my chamber, as fast as we can. [Exeunt.

Enter DON FERDINAND, LAZARILLO, servants, and MUSKATO.

D. Fer. Pull the rascal in here; pull him in; and if he attempts to struggle, knock him down.

Musk. Well, but, gentlemen, good, dear gentlemen, as you are men of honour, and Catholic Christians, don't do me any hurt.—I am a poor miserable young fellow, but just turned of four-and-twenty, that have an old mother, and two lame sisters—

D. Fer. Are not you a villain firrah?

Musk. You are pleased to say so, Sir; and I shan't be so unmannerly as to contradict any gentleman, with a sword at my throat.

D. Fer.

D. Fer. Aren't you the servant of that affassin, Don Carlos?

Musk. Upon my word, Sir, I can't say—perhaps I may, and perhaps I mayn't—you have frighten'd every thing quite out of my head.

Laz. He is his servant, Sir.

Musk. Well, Sir; yes, I am his servant, if that will content you.

D. Fer. Where's your master?

Musk. (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha!

D. Fer. Do you make a jest of us?

Musk. No, Sir, no; but I am ticklish, and your man has got his fingers in my collar: bid him take them away, and I'll speak.

D. Fer. Let him go—Well, now, Sir, where is Don Carlos?

Musk. He's in a place.—(*Looking towards the pannel.*)

D. Fer. In a place! what place? Answer my question directly, or torture shall make you.

Musk. Propose it again, good Sir.

D. Fer. Where is Don Carlos?

Musk. Not a great way off. (*Looking at the pannel.*)

D. Fer. So we suppose, by your being here.

Musk. He is, at present, I believe—Pray, Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what o'clock it is?

D. Fer. What a clock!

Musk. Yes, Sir; because I would be as precise in answering your question, as possible: and, if it is now about half an hour after one, as I partly conjecture, Don Carlos is at this moment, picking his teeth, after dinner, in the city of Lisbon.

D. Fer. 'Tis false, firrah; I know he is at this moment hid somewhere in Madrid.—Lay hold of him again.

Enter MARCELLA and BEATRICE.

Mar. What is the matter here?

Musk. Only a couple of terrible fellows, Madam, that have got a poor criminal in their clutches, and are going to play the devil with him.

D. Fer. This is the servant of Don Carlos; I caught him just now in the street, measuring the outside of our house, with his eyes, from top to bottom.—I know his master is at present in Madrid; and I suspect, this emissary of his was not lurking about this neighbourhood for any good purpose:—rather, perhaps in meditation of some farther destruction of our family;—for, searching his pockets, we found a pistol.

Musk. You found a pistol!—Do you say you found a pistol in my pocket?

Laz. There it is.

Musk. Oh, do you call that a pistol?—

Laz. Ay, what do you call it?

Musk. I keep it to light my pipe.

Beat. Well, but Sir, let me look at this person; because I was very well acquainted with Don Carlos, and his servant too, if this be the same he had before he left Madrid.

Musk. Do look at me, Ma'am, did you ever see my face before!

Beat. Never, upon my honour,

Musk. See there gentlemen.

Laz. Why you yourself said but now, that you belonged to Don Carlos.

Musk. Did I!

D. Fer. Yes, this moment.

Musk. I don't think I said any such thing: and I am almost sure I did not.

Beat. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken here; he that lived with Don Carlos, used to make love to me;—a good, genteel, personable fellow:—
whereas,

whereas this is one of the worst looking ill-made, aukward, ugly hounds, I ever saw in my life.—

[Exit.

Laz. Sir, believe what I say to you; this is the servant that lived with Don Carlos, when he was last in Madrid; and he was always just as ugly as he is now. I even recollect his name; it began with jufs—or fufs—or—

Musk. There is neither jufs nor fufs in my name; so you may give me my liberty, and make no more fufs about the matter.

Mar. Indeed, Sir; I think you had better turn him about his business.

D. Fer. I think the contrary.—Pray, Ma'am, return to your chamber. (*Exit Marcella.*) *Lazarillo*, lock that door, keep the key.—'Tis in vain to strive to escape, Sir; I shall lock you up here, till I come back with proper officers.—

Exit, servants following.

Musk. (*Pulling Lazarillo by the sleeve.*) Young man, I find myself a little indisposed; if you have any such thing as a drop of spirits in the house, I would be obliged to you for—

Laz. Oh! you'll be in greater want of spirits presently;—you had better keep them for a more pressing occasion. [Exit.

Musk. (*Knocking at the wainscott.*) Don Carlos, Don Carlos, Open:—open; —'tis I.

Enter AURORA (veil'd).

Aur. Well!

Musk. Hey-day, have you got into petticoats too? joaking apart, I suppose you have heard what has happened.

Aur. I endeavoured to listen; but the noise was so great, I could hear nothing distinctly.

Musk.

Musk. You could hear nothing distinctly!—
What the devil, have you put your voice into petti-
coats too?—I left you a double bass; and, I find you
a treble.

Aur. (*Shewing her face.*) Come, a truce with
these impertinences.

Musk. Donna *Aurora*!—For Heaven's sake, young
gentlewoman, how came you here?

Aur. 'Tis a long story to tell:—however, make
yourself easy; your master has escaped. He offered
to stay with me, or make me the companion of
his flight: the former, you may be sure, I would
not hear of; and in the latter case, I know I should
only be an impediment to him.

Beat. (*Through the key-hole.*) *Muskato! Muskato!*

Musk. Who's there?

Beat. 'Tis I, *Beatrice*—have they locked you
up?

Musk. Ay, double lock'd me up—I am lock'd
up on both sides.

Beat. I wish I could let you out.

Musk. I wish you could—How did you get
out my master?

Beat. We have him here within; and he says he
won't go without you.

Musk. I am very much obliged to him; but
what good will that do me? However, at any rate,
I should be glad to take my leave of him, before
we part. Can't you put back the lock of the door.

Beat. It's impossible; but comfort yourself; my
lady, and I, have been both crying for you; and
I dare swear we shall cry a great deal more.

Musk. You think we shall suffer then?

Beat. Certainly, I wish you well through it; take
care of yourself.

Musk. Thank you, but I am taken pretty good
care of already.

Beat.

Beat. Don *Ferdinand* is coming up the other way, with the *Alguazils*.

Musk. (*Running to the pannel.*) Is he? by gad, then I will take all the care I can.

Aur. Stay, *Muskato* (*Her foot slipping as she goes to follow him.*) Oh, gracious Heaven! I have hurt myself, and they are opening the door.

Musk. Nay, if you won't come: charity begins at home. [*Exit. and shuts the pannel.*]

Aur. *Muskato*!

D. Fer. (*Without.*) Yes, yes; *Lazarillo* and I seized him; and we have him here, under lock and key.

D. Ped. (*Without.*) On no account quit him till he discovers where don *Carlos* is.

Aur. Shame, and destruction!—My brother's voice!

Enter DON FERDINAND, LAZARILLO and two *Alguazils*.

D. Fer. Here, gentlemen is the *Corrigidor's* warrant and there's your prisoner—Hey!—a woman veil'd!—*Lazarillo*!

Laz. Sir!

D. Fer. Where's the servant of Don *Carlos*?

Laz. Is he not here, Sir?

D. Fer. By Heavens, I left him locked up here, and have had the key in my pocket ever since.

D. Ped. See who the woman is?

Laz. She beckons to speak with you.

(*Aurora whispers Don Ferdinand.*)

D. Fer. To speak to me in private, Ma'am? very well, Ma'am, it shall be so. *Lazarillo*, take the officers with you. [*Exeunt Lazarillo and Alguazils.*]

—Well, now, Ma'am; who, and what are you?

Aur.

Aur. Answer these questions yourself, Sir (*Lifting up her veil.*) for the rest, my sex, and my misfortunes, give me claim to your protection.

D. Fer. *Aurora*, the sister of *Don Pedro*! Where is the man I left here; and by what unaccountable accident—

Aur. A time will come for satisfying you in every thing: consider, at present, but the peril of my situation; my brother is here; you are a man of honor; and I am in distress.

D. Fer. I pledge my word for your safety.—

D. Guz. (*Within.*) Alguazils in my house again! If you seek *Don Pedro*, Gentlemen—

D. Fer. Was ever man so embarrassed as I am! Here's my uncle now; if he finds a woman with me, and I refuse to give an account how she came, he will believe the story *Marcella* told him concerning last night; if I discover her, I shall involve myself in a quarrel with her brother, besides breaking my word given to her.

Enter Don PEDRO.

D. Ped. You are greatly concerned about something.

D. Fer. I am, I confess, my dear *Don Pedro*, don't be surprized at what I am going to say to you: it stands me upon to keep this lady from my uncle's sight; I beg, therefore, you will not mention any thing about her: and pray, Ma'am, do you step into this cabinet. [*Exit Aurora.*]

D. Ped. Shall I shut myself up with her?

D. Fer. No; stay where you are.

Enter Don GUZMAN, and LAZARILLO.

D. Guz. Go you, Sir, and desire my daughter to come to me immediately. [*Exit Lazarillo.*]
Nephew, I am very angry with you.

D. Fer.

D. Fer. I am sorry for that, Sir.

D. Guz. A fig for your sorrow.

D. Ped. Don *Guzman*, I kiss your hand.

D. Guz. I am glad to see you out of your trouble, Don *Pedro*.

Enter MARCELLA, and BEATRICE.

Mar. Here I am, Sir, what's your pleasure?

D. Guz. What you won't let me enjoy ease, and quietness. They tell me, nephew, you have seized the servant of Don *Carlos*.

D. Fer. Yes, Sir, but he has escaped.

D. Guz. How has he escaped?

D. Fer. That's more than I am able to say. I left him locked up here; and, when I came back again, I could not find him.

D. Guz. Oh, very well; I warrant you I'll find him: I hear tales of a very ugly nature from one side and the other, of men, and women being concealed in the house.

D. Fer. 'Tis most certain, Sir, that I met a strange man in the house last night; but I don't pretend to determine how he got in.

D. Guz. My daughter says there was a strange woman; and, for any thing that appears to the contrary, both the lurking toads may be in the house still; and, if somebody does not ferret them out, we may have our throats cut one of these nights, when we are asleep in our beds, and dreaming of no such matter.

D. Fer. Oh, Sir, I can't think they are in the house still.

D. Guz. Oh! but I'll be sure; and, therefore, I am determined to hunt every hole and corner. And first, I'll begin to examine this room, perhaps they may have hid themselves—

D. Fer. Hold, Sir, you must not go in here.

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D. Guz.

D. Guz. No! And why not, pray?

Mar. Do go in, Sir—

D. Guz. Nephew, I will go into that place.

D. Fer. Pardon me, Sir, I have the greatest respect for you, but here my honour is engaged; and by Heaven, I will defend this door with my life.

D. Guz. This is very pretty behaviour, I protest; however, Sir, since you are so violent, I will not contend with you at present; I'll take this room in my way back: and will you, Don *Pedro*, be so obliging as to accompany me; while I search the rest of the apartments.

Mar. You must not go this way, Sir.

D. Guz. Must not!—By my faith, but I will though.

Beat. For shame, Sir, it looks as if you doubted my lady's honour.

D. Fer. I say, Sir, do go in.

Mar. Pray, Sir, don't think of it.

D. Guz. Then I'll go in there.

D. Fer. No, Sir, that must not be.

D. Guz. Why now, did ever any one see the like of this? I say, nephew, daughter——

Enter AURORA.

Aur. Ruin I see must overtake me, and therefore I'll meet it.

D. Guz. So! So! So!

Mar. Well, was I right or wrong?

D. Ped. Fury and death, my sister! Villain, draw.

D. Guz. Nay now, Don *Pedro*, you're out of your wits.

D. Fer. Hear me, will you?

D. Ped. I'll hear nothing.

Mar. Nor I.

D. Guz.

D. Guz. I'll leave it to all the world now, if ever there was a poor old fellow so hamper'd, and plagued, by a set of young rascals, and huffies, as I am.

Enter LAZARILLO.

Laz. Where's Don *Guzman*, where's my master. Oh gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen!

D. Guz. What ails this fellow?

Beat. Lazarillo, have you seen a ghost?

Laz. You have hit it, the house is haunted.

D. Guz. Yes, with a pack of mad people.

Laz. Spirits, Sir, spirits—As I am a living man, your nephew, Don *Alonzo*, appeared to me this instant upon the stairs, in his regimental cloaths; I saw him as plain as I see you. His face was as long as my arm, and as pale as a piece of chalk; his eyes glared like two coals of fire, and he had a flambeau in his hand.

D. Guz. I won't believe a word of this, it's all a monstrous lie—A ghost, and a piece of chalk, and a flambeau, and stuff; draw all your swords and follow me.

Aur. Oh! hold! hold!

D. Guz. What's the matter?—Here, you, man, ghost, devil, or whatever you are, make your appearance; I'll do you no harm, but let you go quietly about your business.

Enter Don CARLOS.

D. Car. Don *Guzman*, I take you at your word.

Omn. Don *Carlos*.

D. Fer. Call in the Alguazils.

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D. Guz.

D. Guz. No, come back. How have you the audaciousness, *Don Carlos*, to appear in this place? And what do you think must be the consequence of my seeing you?

D. Car. I have delivered myself into your hands, *Don Guzman*, on the faith of your promise, that the memory of all past acts should be cancelled between us; but conscious of my innocence, I disdain to owe my safety to an undesigned clemency; recall what you have said, I release you from your word, if you can have more pleasure in satisfying an unjust revenge, than in sacrificing it to a point of honour.

D. Guz. Go away, and never let me see you more.

D. Ped. This may do for you, *Don Guzman*, but I am to be answered in another manner. The loss of a nephew may be forgiven, but not the ruin of a sister.

D. Car. *Don Pedro*, I never wronged you, I esteem, I admire, I love your sister; and as a debt due to her reputation, brought into danger, by her inviting me to this house (where by a train of accidents I have been shut up against my will) before you all, I take her for my wife.

Aur. Brother—

D. Fer. There is one circumstance, in this dark affair, which surprises me more than any thing else. Where is your servant, *Don Carlos*, whom I seized just now in the street? I left him locked up here, and in less than a quarter of an hour—

Musk. Halloo!

D. Guz. Who have we bricked up in the wall, yonder?

Musk. (*Pushing back the pannel*) Are we all friends; is it peace, and good fellowship, without respect of persons?

D. Guz. Sirrah, I desire to know—

D. Guz.

Enter MUSKATO.

Musk. I am included in the treaty, Sir.

Beat. This brings things into my head. Hark, you rogue's face, was it not you that stole my gown?

Musk. Yes, Ma'am.

Beat. Well, and where is it?

Musk. Why, you must know I put it on.

Beat. Put on my gown!

Musk. Oh Lord, yes; I make one of the gentlest ladies you ever laid your eyes on; ask Don *Guzman* else. Being somewhat more corpulent than you, indeed, your gown has suffered a little in the seams; but don't make yourself uneasy; to recompence the damage, I throw myself and fortune at your feet.

Aur. This is the fact, as well as it can be related, in a few words.

D. Ped. I do not doubt the truth of it. Don *Carlos*, you say you are willing to marry my sister; take her, and may you be happy together.

D. Guz. Don *Pedro*, out of the great regard I have for you and yours, and for my own promise, I do forgive Don *Carlos*, and wish him happy with your sister.

Musk. My dear master, I wish you joy, from the bottom of my heart, of being released from all your troubles, by the generosity of this good old gentleman: his behaviour has been that of a noble Spaniard; and I hope our friends will testify their satisfaction, by joining to applaud it.

[Exeunt omnes.]

END OF THE ENTERTAINMENT.

